Topeka, Kan., July 7.-Kansas will not wild a State oil refinery to enter into cometition with the Standard Oil Company The Supreme Court to-day handed down n opinion in which all the Justices conurred, holding the law passed by the Legislature last winter providing for the stablishment of a branch penitentiary at Peru and a State oil refinery in connection herewith to be wholly unconstitutional. The court evidently regards the branch penitentiary provision as the "mere subterfuge" which it was termed by the opponents of the bill in the fight last winter.

The court cites the special measure of Gov. Hoch approving the bill and points out particularly that the failure of the Governor to refer to the branch penitentiary went far toward making up a record which shows that it was the intenion of the framers of the bill to establish refinery rather than a penal institution. he opinion says in part:

The bill in question having originated. expressed in the message, in a popular emand for relief against a 'powerful commercial combatant, against which the individual was unable to cope, it met the earty and enthusiastic approval Governor, not as an appropriation to build branch penitentiary, but as an approfor the construction and ion of an oil refinery; and inasmuch as no reference is made to the branch penitentiary t may be said that the Governor did not inderstand that there were any provisions n the bill which seriously contemplated he building of a branch of the State peni-

entiary.

"The Governor discloses his apprehen-tion of the constitutionality of this bill comparison of the feasibility of the many plans which had been suggested for the repression of the greed of this 'rapa-gious corporation' with his own, which was ry at Lansing. as contended by the State, the object

a bill is the construction of a branch itentiary, it seems strange that the ernor in approving it should feel called ture from governmental precedent that seems wise to put upon the ecords ar statement of the provocation an seems wise to but upon the ecotors a lear statement of the provocation and sepurpose of this undertaking * * so lat our action is clearly defined and broad. The construction of penal intutions is not a radical departure from remmental precedent. The 'provocan' for maintaining such institutions is nown to all persons. Besides, what in of our penal institutions that for their our action should be clearly de-The indictment of the Standard mpany is no doubt true and the

We must not make a scarecrow of the law. setting it up to fear the birds of prey." Gov. Hoch is greatly disappointed. "
dhoped that we would be allowed to go ad and build the refinery and lick John Rockefeller," he said. "I am convinced we could have made a success of it anted it tried. Our refinery would have souraged independent refineries, and is too bad that we cannot go ahead with the further of the Supreme Court we would son and build it and make a success of it. It is not constitutional it ought to be."

THE SEAGOERS.

y Passenger Lists on All the Liners Salling for Europe To-day. Aboard the Atlantic Transport lines finneapolis, which sails to-day for Lon-

on are: Dr. H. Gordon Bayless, Mr. and Mrs. H. M eckenridge, Mr. and Mrs. James Bryce m. Russell Frost, Mr. and Mrs. Ashbe ne, Mrs. J. I. Havemeyer, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hornblower, Henry W. Jasper, the Hon. Cerbett Locke and W. G. Vermilye. Voyagers by the Red Star liner Finland

Winthrop W. Aldrich, Mr. and Mrs. Robert lady Hilda Keith-Falconer, Charles Nird-Justice and Mrs. Francis M. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Squires, the Hon. and Mrs. James M. Varnum, Mrs. Alexander T. Van Nest and William Van Wyck.

ork, which sails to-day for Southampton: Mrs. Frederick H. Allen, Clarence S. Bement, Lieut. W. H. Brooks of the army, the Hon. and Mrs. George Gray, Col. Henry May, the Hon. and Mrs. C. La Rue Munson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ramsey, Mrs. Jeanette M. Thurher, J. J. Van Alen, E. L. Winthrop, Jr. Capt. Clyde S. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Marshal J. Dodge, Prof. and Mrs. W. W. Daniells and John E. Brower.

Capt. and Mrs. Smedley D. Butler, Dr. and Mrs. Wilham T. Bull, Dr. and Mrs. Albert Cobb. Capt. John D. Doull, Justice W. S. Mrkpatrick, Henry M. Hewitt and Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Raymond.

Sailing to-day aboard the North German

Departing to-day aboard the Hamburg-nerican liner Graf Waldersee for Dover

Capt. and Mrs. W. D. Burnham, the Hon. and Mrs. A. O. Garretson, Mrs. Abner C. Ihomas, Dr. and Mrs. A. D. Mead and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wickham.

Passengers by the Anchor liner Astoria, off to-day for Glasgow:

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Brownlee, Mrs. F. M. illette, Mrs. George B. Murdoch, William D. Jacch, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Wheeler and Her-ert M. Weller.

METHODISTS AND BAPTISTS. They May Be Urged to Come Back to the Christian Endeavor Society.

BALTIMORE, July 7 .- The Rev. Dr. Oliver Huckel of the Associate Congregational Church made the principal address at the Maryland Christian Endeavor celebration to-day. He advocated an interdenominational federation and said

*The Christian Endeavor Society cannot e what it ought to be until the Methodats and Baptists come back to it. We are wing a great deal and they are losing by the separation more than they can ever ain without it. The time has now come then such a reunion is possible without oss to any party."

He said that ministers of the two churches,

he said that ministers of the two churches, had expressed the same thought in conversation with him and he urged a great interdenominational federation. The beginning, he said, should be made at this convention and a committee should be appointed to take the matter in charge. onted to take the matter in charge.

This afternoon services were held in the altimore Copper Works and Mount Clare ope, and after that there were denom national rallies at 25 local churches. To-night there was a Christian culture meet-ing at Lyric Hall, over which Prof. J. Lewis

we of Washington and Lee University

News of Plays and Players.

Maurice Campbell yesterday announced is plans for Henrietta Crosman for next son. The title of "Mary, Mary, Quite contrary," has been selected for the modern medy, in which Miss Crosman will open her season in September. The play was ritten by Eugene W. Presbrey several easons ago, but its production was de-erred owing to Miss Crosman's two years o "Sweet Ritty Bellairs." Boston, Philadelphia and several other cities will be visited before New York, and her engagement here will be at the Garrick Theatre.

"The Astonishing Avalos," who do an lerial acrobatic act, were signed yesterday is a hig feature of next week's program at wistaria Grove. LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

"Did you ever see a flag floating over a police station?" asked a patriotic citizen on the Fourth. "I don't think you ever did. I never have. "There isn't a police station in town that

hasn't a big flagpole on it, but the city would derive more benefit from those poles if they were cut down and split into kindling wood. They are never used for the purpose for which they were erected."

This is the month of cold dinners, and the best efforts of the chefs in city restaurants will be devoted to devising cold dishes hat will tempt the palate of the stay-at-

nome in warm weather.

Between the head waiters and cooks in several of the French restaurants there is ntense rivalry as to which of them shall invent the largest number of cold dishes. It is a very poor bill of fare in these days which does not make it possible for the guests to order an entire dinner of as many courses as they desire, which shall be cold, from the soup to the coffee.

She had a grievance against the B. R. T. The conductor refused to take her transfer and she had to pay a second fare.

The next fine day she called on a friend who runs a kindergarten and proposed to take the whole bunch for a long trolley ride. This may not be according to the strict letter of the Froebel system, but both tots and teacher were only too glad. The two adults and the forty kids lined up on the Fulton street sidewalk until an empty open car came along. When all were seated and the children spread out to the semblance of a carful, the conductor came around for his fares.

The vengeful woman paid him ten pen

ies, two fares, one for herself and one the teacher.
"But how about the kids?" he asked.

"Children under six in the care of adults' ride free," the woman recited from the constitution and by-laws of the B. R. T. This was unanswerable, all the more a each sweet child replied categorically tha he or she was under six. An inspector hopped on the car at his usual post and soowled blackly when he saw but two fares rung up for a loaded car; but he too had to yield to the logic of his company's rules. Other travelers waited for another car, thinking this was a special excursion. The school ride cost but 20 cents, two fares cut and two fares in The code the cost. out and two fares in. The end of the episode came in a note from the superin tendent of the division to the kindergartne in which he assured her that next time he would give her a special car for the

She was a little woman, of the helpless naive sort. She seldom went below Twentythird street and had seen the General Post

Office but once. On a luckless day it hefall that she had something to do in the neighborhood of Park row. Of course she didn't more was a windy, unpleasant day, and she wished she had not come downtown.

Then she remembered that the one time when she was down with her husband he had gone through a building in order to get from one street to another—down on Nassau or some of those other—wild streets. Yes, there it was. She recognized entrance, braced herself heroically against the heavy door and entered with the boldness of a triumphant mouse. It was a long hall or room or something that she went into, and it didn't look quite the same as before, she thought, but then, of course, there could easily have been changes. It led through to the next street all right; she saw her way and pursued it but half she saw her way and pursued it

she saw her way and pursued it, but half way down the room a man behind a big deak or something said to her:

"What is it you wish, madam?"

"I wish to go through to the next street. This is the way, is it not?" she replied with the certainty of being very clever.

"Ye—yes, you can go through this way," he said, with something that looked like a grin; so she felt more proud than before.

Just before she made her exit she took another look argund—there were always. another look around—there were always so many men, she supposed, in those downtown places—and she saw unmistakably, to her horror, that she had passed through a saloon!

Not far from Fifth avenue on one of the streets in the heart of the Tenderloin is a view that might have been taken bodily out of old Paris. A high brick wall is broken by an iron gate. Through the grilling one sees a stone court, two or three old trees that throw a continual shade over the

The place was once the yard to a residence that stood on the corner. The house was built for the coachman. The old family house is now used for business, the stable has been destroyed and only the yard between them survives. The house, which in Paris would be regarded as a gem, has too few of the comforts of life to recommend it to Americans, and the caretaker is not likely to be disturbed in his possession.

There were a good many disappointed people at the Morris Park automobile race on the Fourth of July. It was not the outco ne of the races that worried them, but the quality of the water discharged from the sprinkling cart.

"Just look at that water," exclaimed dozens of voices in chorus. "Did you ever see anything like it? It's nothing but diluted mud. That shows the kind of stuff we drink, before it is filtered. Then they made notes of protests which ev proposed to file next day with the

Water Department.

Before the indignation meeting closed. however, some wiseacre volunteered the information that the muddy brown color was due to crude petroleum, which was "mixed" with the water for the good of the track. That was what the grumblers were disappointed about; they had been deprived of a chance to kick.

Sometimes people object to hyphenatep nationality, but there is in this town a "German-American" who makes it pay., He is a telegrapher for a press association and holds the key on a German newspaper. yet the first night this plug was set to work in that office the editors were surprised to find that they were getting German copy, and well pleased at that. Of course the press service comes in English

The operator, being as ready in one of his mother tongues as the other, took English and wrote German. There was yet another piece of translation involved which does not meet the eye, for the service

There's a man whose hyphen will keep him his job as long as he pleases.

fully, "I don't want a cocktail, though I just love those cherries." The fat waiter smiled benignly and disappeared. When he returned he bore on

his tray the cocktail for the man and a small glass containing half a dozen cherries for the young woman. Her exclamations of delight caused the young man to beam approvingly upon the waiter, and when the check was paid a half dollar remained upon the tray in place of

the usual quarter. "It's one of our best grafts," said the fat waiter when the couple had gone. "It means a tip to the bartender occasionally. but it will bring a double tip quicker than anything else I know of. In some restau-rants where everything is tabbed up the waiters have to buy their own cherries; but as a rule, the proprietor realizes that any-thing that pleases his patrons is good for the house, and the cherries cost only 18

cents a bottle containing sixty or seventy. The fire patrol dashed up Broadway. As it careened wildly on turning into Chambers street a fireman's hat was sent flying to the pavement. The wagon hurried on. The crowd stopped and gasped at the danger narrowly averted. Presently a girl who had clutched the arm of her companion in fright relaxed her grasp and naively asked: And won't they stop to pick up the man's

NEW BOOKS.

Memories of a Ruman Husband. If the reader is at all like us he will be curious regarding Mrs. Gwynn in Charles Egbert Craddock's story of "The Storm Center" (The Macmillan Company). The appearance of Mrs. Gwynn is artistically delayed here. She becomes more and more important and the idea of her beauty grows to great proportions as we wait for her. For eleven pages she keeps us fidgeting. When she does appear her ovelines appeases us in a measure. It is naturally pleasant to have for company young widow so decidedly good looking.

She refuses, however, to be altogether good to us. She lets us see her, but declines to allow us to understand her. We may care a great deal for her, but she does not care two straws for us. Her interest in us is painfully shallow and perfunctory. She sets out the teacups in a manner she would allow us to know what it is all about. Is it true as the merest rumors hint, that her husband once upon a time dragged her about by her beautiful hairhair of a rich golden brown, which, at the time of this story, "waved back from her white brow in heavy undulations, caught and coiled at the back of her head, with no ornament, simplicity itself?

Why should there be grief for such husband on the part of a one time wife who now has the felicity to be a widow? Suppose he struck her on the head with a chair, according to another of the stories Why now should she sit plunged in reminiscence, as though sorrowing for some

Very slowly Mrs. Gwynn's case is made known to us. We are sorry to say that as we looked through many pages for a solution of the mystery of her trouble we encountered a number of split infinitives The expression "to properly receive him stands on page 8. Facing it, on page 9 we find the expression "to thus segregate her." This offense multiplies itself as we go on, and we are the more surprised be cause the description in other respects is so obviously painstaking.

At page 43 we find a definite statement of

something that Gywnn really did. We read here that Mrs. Gwynn's husband "had dissipated her fortune as well as desolated her heart." At page 46 we are further enlightened. Rufus Gwynn, in the extremity of his needs as a spendthrift and gambler, desired to 'sell his wife's horse She refused to part with the handsome animal, a present from her father. She was about to mount the horse one day when Rufus Gwynn bounded madly into her presence. "She saw the glint of steel in his hand." At first she thought that she herself was to be her husband's victim "She honestly thought her husband had intended to kill her. Somehow the veil dropped from her eyes, and she knew him for the fiend he was, even before the dastardly act that left him unqualified. But it was not she on whom his spite was to fall. Such deeds bring retribution. Only the horse, the glossy, graceful, spirited animal, turning his lustrous, confiding eyes toward the house as the door opened, whinnying a low joyous welcome, anticipative of the breezy gallop-received the bullet just below the ear."

The scamp shot the horse because she would not give it to him to sell. We believe it is true that he struck her besides. He met a deserved end shortly afterward. Another horse reared with him, and fell upon and killed him. It was upon these inhappy matters that Mrs. Gwynn brooded. Her brooding was remarkable, because she was only 23. We are glad to say that she recovered a fairly healthy poise at last and married Capt. Baynell of the Federal Army. Her sentiments were all Confederate, and yet she did this thing. We were glad of it. He was a very earnest and scrupulous man, and she a very earnest and scrupulous woman. He was court-

martialed and came out all right. A well written story, perhaps just a tile preposterous and attenuated

In the Land of Fish Long Ago. The competent Indian boy, Wolf Slaver omes first in the romantic history entitled Brothers of Peril: a Story of Old Newfoundland." by Theodore Roberts (L. C. Page & Co., Boston). We see the boy here winning his man-name. The wolf tore at his shoulder. He struck the wolf repeatedly with his clumsy flint knife. Neither of the combatants showed any signs of pain. The boy's eyes were as flerce as those of the beast. The western sky was stained red where the sun had been. At length the wolf lay dead. His fangs gleamed white between the scarlet jaws and black lips. The boy was pretty well spent. He waded into the river, drank and washed his wounds. Refreshed, he came forth from the water and skinned the wolf. A few pale stars were set in the eastern sky by the time he had finished. He carried the skin home and cast it proudly down before the greatest lodge in the village. "Now give me my man-name," said he. The chief of the village came forth at the summons. His eyes gleamed at the sight of the skin and of the boy's injuries. His imaginative mind rose quickly to the occasion. Slayer!" he cried. "Let this be his manname-Wolf Slayer." Our young hero at

the time was only 14 years old. The doubting old Indian, Pot Friend, doubted that anybody could come up over the edge of the world in a cance. Just as though there had been no Pot Friend full of doubts, we find the Devon ship, Heart of the West, sailing into Wigwain Harbor in the fifth chapter. Capt. John Trowley, master of this ship, was a strenuous character of the early fisherman type. He drank. When he was reckless with rum he attacked young Mr. Kingswell of Bristol. owner of the ship. A fine young Indian. Quenwa by name, was at hand. The drunken master "lurched forward, and a knife flashed above the overturned bottles and glasses. Ouenwa emitted a horrified scream and hurled his paddle spearwise into the cabin. The rounded point of the blade caught Trowley on the side of the head and sent him crashing to the deck." Mr. Kingswell had plenty of humor. He grinned pleasantly at old Trowley when

the latter came back to consciousness and found hims If lying in his berth with a bandage around his head. "Hope you are feeling more amiable," said Kings well. Trowley was a man of sense when sober. He apologized, damned the rum and asked the time of the day. Mr. Kingswell went off on an expedition along the coast in the stanch little craft Pelican, taking Ouenwa along. The sun was bright. the sky blue. The sea was playful, and the Pelican skipped like a lamb. The dark cheeks of Ouenwa lost their bloom; he was seasick. Old Tom Bent, seasoned sailor, was sorry for him. He eyed him kindly. "He has it wicked, sir," he said to Mr. Kingswell. "Maybe, like as not, a swig o' rum ud sweeten his bilge, sir.' It is wrong to rehearse all that is in a story for which the reader is reasonably expected to pay. We will say merely that the

The expedition came in time to the place where Wolf Slayer was. "What do you with the great strangers, little Dreamer?" asked Wolf Slayer. "They are my friends,"

rum put the young Indian fast asleen.

returned Ouenwa, "and I am voyaging with them to learn wisdom." "What is in your fine cance, little Dreamer?" persisted Wolf Slayer. This was being unduly inquisitive, and moreover the term of address "Little Dreamer" was not flattering. Ouenwa was indignant, and in answering he addressed Wolf Slayer as "Fox Stabber." Bowstrings twanged. Two arrows winged their way into the expedition. Old Tom Bent touched off the boat's cannon. As we make out this noisy and recalcitrant firearm killed somebody at the second discharge. "The wolf falls," cried Ouenwa. "The wolf bites the moss. Who now is the wolf slayer?" It used to be the custom to supplement effective artillery practise with these bitter

CONTRACTOR AND STREET OF THE PROPERTY OF THE P

taunts.

At page 63 we find Kingswell leaning over the stern and cutting the "manila rope" that secured the boat at that end. Who could have guessed then that this sort of rope in the evolution of time was to become an American product? The story carries us among the gentry at For Beatrix, and we make the acquaintance of the lively Beatrix Westleigh, daughter of the Governor. This young lady was pleased to the point of blushing desperately when our friend Kingswell presented himself at the fort. Her strong sentiment as we make out, was that Fort Beatrix was for the English. At any rate, it was her opinion that it was not for the French, and the story tells us that a certain sneer on the face of the French Capt. D'Antons so exasperated her that "she had all she could do to restrain herself from slapping him-for hot blood and a fighting spirit dwelt in that fair body." We are glad that she did not slap the Captain. Old Tom Bent setting off his direful enginery is well enough, if we must accept the fact of a hopelessly militant world, but we like to excuse the ladies when it comes to the point of a downright shindy.

It may be that one difference between a romance and a novel is that the romance does not disappoint us; and we take no great credit to ourselves for having believed as early as the eighty-eighth page of this story, that Kingswell and Beatrix were to make a match of it. We suppose that it is permissible for us to pity D'Antons, Frenchman and rascal though he was, in the thirtysixth chapter. Here Kingswell and D'Antons came finally together. We should say here, perhaps, that D'Antons was a pirate, among other things. We read:

"With a fearful grinding of timbers and rattling of spars, the merchantman's larboard bow scraped along the enemy's side. Boarding irons were thrown across from the forecastle deck. With a yell the men of Devon sprang from rail to rail and hurled themselves upon the mongrels who clustered to repulse them. Cutlasses skirred in the air. . . Screams of rage and pain and shouts of grim exultation rang above the conflict. Old Trowleys hacked a place for himself in the thicket of the press, and laid about him with such desperate fury and such fearful oaths that the bugganeers hustled each other to get out of his way. Kingswell encountered D'Antons and claimed him for his own. * * The tumult about them gradually subsided as man afer man of the pirate crew was cut down or bound. Sail was shortened on both vessels, and the victors. sound and wounded alike, gathered about the two swordsmen. * * They were fascinated by the lightning play of the rapiers. * * * When D'Antone snarled an insulting taunt at his adversary they cursed softly. When their captain pricked the pirate's shoulder a husky murmur of admiration went through them.

Miwanda, the Indian woman, loved the French pirate. She screamed with rage and flung herself upon Kingswell, a knife in her hand. The English sailors made a futile grab at her. But of course it did not lie with her to kill our hero. " Kingswell, quick as a cat, for all his Saxon coloring, wrenched himself clear of her, avoided the slash of her knife by a half inch, and lunged through D'Antons's guard. The and heavily that the rapier was wrenched from the Englishman's hand. The hilt struck the deck. The slim blade darted out between D'Antons's shoulders a full two-thirds of its length. He sprawled on his face, gulping his last breath; and the hilt of Kingswell's weapon knocked spasmodically on the red planking of the deck. The woman, stunned with grief, was led away by two of the seamen."

For days afterward she would not eat. She sobbed quietly. At last she jumped into the sea. "A fish," said the mate as he heard the soft splash in the night. The Government weather prophet makes a business of being just as much mistaken. A story full of incident and color such as we have indicated.

A Tale of Old Japan.

Again do we receive from the Hochi Shimbun of Tokio a story by the voluminous Japanese novelist Gensai Murai Ordeal by Music. The Tale of Akoya, translated by Unkichi Kawai, Gensai Murai's "Hana" was reviewed some months ago and we feel flattered at seeing THE Sun's criticism head the reprinted reviews in this volume.

This is a short story dealing with the old Samurai days and ideas. It is very slight, and though it shows that Gensai Murai understands the tricks of the Western romancers, the story of the singing girl who risks all for her lover is not unknown to those familiar with fiction about Japan and might not call for comment. The story, however, leads up to two rather unusual poems that make it remarkable. a "Legend of the Dance," and a parting

song. For the first of these the translator takes the responsibility. Unkichi Kawai has accomplished an extraordinary feat. He has rendered the pretty legend into English that is thoroughly poetical, and expresses the Japanese ideas in images that the Western mind will accept and comprehend. As the beautiful song in which the girl bids farewell to her lover shows the same qualities with even more taste and restraint, we feel that we do no injustice in attributing the merit again to the trans

The book appears in an oblong pamphlet with fifty pages of text, each enclosed in a colored decorative border. There are two full page engravings. That of the dancefairy in the air with Fujivama in the distance is poetic and good; the other, and the decorative cover show the painful effect of Western contact with Japanese art.

Other Books. In "The Saint Lawrence" (Frederick A.

Stokes Company) Dr. Samuel Edwin Dawson, after describing the geographical characteristics of the river basin tells over again the story of the successive explorations by which it was made known. It is convenient to have the account of Canadian discovery in a handy volume, and Dr. Dawson is up to date enough to include the disaster to Mr. Leonidas Hubbard's expedition two years ago. What with the "Louisiana purchase" literature, however, and the outburst of Mississippi valley history, not to speak of historical romance, there has been an overdose of French explorers of



A PRINCE TO ORDER A Romance BY CHARLES STOKES WAYNE

A PRINCE TO ORDER

BOSTON HERALD: "Anthony Hope has a formidable rival." JOHN LANE COMPANY, NEW YORK

late and the blush of novelty is worn away from the greater part of the narrative We could have spared much of the account of the Cabots and Cortereal, and even of Jacques Cartier and Champlain, which can be found in many accessible books now, for a little more detail of the discoveries in the islands and the maritime provinces that border on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The

maps and plans are good. As uninteresting a period as can be found in colonial history is that which has fallen to the lot of Prof. Evarts Boutell Greene of the University of Illinois as his share in "The American Nation" series (Harpers) His "Provincial America," which means the period between 1690 and 1740, is not made more attractive by being treated from the standpoint of administration, of which Prof. Greene has made a specialty. The desire to compare institutions which are not particularly comparable leads to needless confusion, for after all what importance colonial politics had at that time is part of the individual development of each colony and can best be shown by a direct narrative of the colony histories, not by jumping from one colony to another to trace fancied points of resemblance.

A further plunge into the outer darkness is made by M. J. Maxwell, who is a doctor of medicine and deputy Procureur-Général of the Court of Appeals at Bordeaux, in "Meta-sychical Phenomena" (Duckworth & Co., G. P. Putnam's Sons). Dr. Maxwell is introduced by Prof. Charles Richet and Sir Oliver Lodge. He has devoted a great deal of valuable time to investigating the various points in psychical research that have occupied other scientific men, including raps, the crystal ball and Eusapia Palladino, and treats the evidence with the solemnity that characterizes his fellow observers. His book will doubtless add to the repertory of psychical research.

In the family of a timeserving parson of George II.'s time, Dr. Edmund Pyle, Archdeacon of York and Canon of Winchester, who was nicknamed even in those days "Pluralist Pyle." twenty-eight large volumes of letters have been preserved, which contribute to the scandalous history of Church and politics in the good old times. From these Mr. Albert Hartshorne has made a selection, published as "Memoirs of a Royal Chaplain, 1729-1763" (John Lane, The Bodley Head). Letters 200 years old are always entertaining. These were all addressed to another clergyman, Dr. Samuel Kerrich. We must confess that we have found the editor's elaborate notes more interesting and instructive that the letters

Very good reproductions of the Moran pictures exhibited in the Metropolitan Museum of Art will be found in "Thirteer Historical Marines by Edward Moran, by Mr. Theodore Sutro (The Baker & Taylor Company). The author gives an account of the collection and a biography of the painter and then tells the story of each of the historical incidents depicted by the paintings. There are portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Moran besides and decorative sketches by Thomas S. Moran. The book is handsomely gotten up and is dedicated to Mrs. Sutro.

The term "Patriotic Studies" (no imprint) seems a misnomer for the publication of the exertions of the Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts Ph. D., and his associates of the "International Reform Bureau" on the United States Congress. No more glaring instance of the misuse of the Government Printing Office can be offered than the publication of the preposterous list of "lessons" devised by these misguided persons as a Senate document. The other documents are designed to prove the activity of the "Christian lobby," The nation, we

suppose, must foot the bill. Again does young Mr. F. Berkeley Smith burst out with his impressions of Paris in Parisian Out of Doors" (Funk & Wagnalls Company). His is the Paris that summer trippers adore and experienced travelers shun like the pest what the natives call the world of the rastaquoueres, the fast life to which art and literature and everything that is really French is unknown. Mr. Smith's "out of doors" includes the cafis of the Bois de Boulogne, the "fair' at Saint Cloud, Trouville and Monte Carlo There are photographic reproductions, a water color by Mr. Smith's father, some sketches by his artist friends, and some far inferior ones by Mr. Smith himself. The book will provide many people with just the kind of misinformation about Paris

and the French that they crave for. A man may te a good proofreader and have a sharp eye for the slips of others and yet be unable to write. That, we regret to say, is demonstrated by Capt. James L. Elliott in "Elizabeth" (International Press Association, Chicago). He has strung together exciting episodes in his tale; there is a rescue from a burning river steamboat. a break in a levee, a death scene on the battlefield, a villain shown up in court; but, unfortunately, all the characters talk not as in common, everyday life, but in the language that we no doubt should strive for. All the conversations read like Congressional debates. A high moral purpose is kept steadily in view, however, the etiquette is never relaxed, even in the love scenes, and a glimpse is afforded of the loftier ideals of Chicago.

Books Received.

"The Interdependence of the Arts of Design." Russell Sturgls, Ph.D. (A. C. McClurg & Co...
"The Church of Christ." A Layman. (Funk

and Wagnails Company.)
"From Crypt to Choir." Louis Alexander Rob-erston. (A. M. Robertson, San Francisco.) "The Happy Life versus the Simple Life." Louis Paul. (Heink & Co., New York.)
"The Romance and Tragedy of a Widely Rnown
Business Man of New York." (The Neale Publishing Company.)

Complete Kano Jiu-Jitsu (Jiudo)," H Irving Hancock and Katsukuma Higashi. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) Digit of the Moon." F. W. Bain. (G. P. Basis of Railway Rates and Private versus Governmental Management of Railroads." Mar-shall M. Kirkman. (The World Railway Publishing

Company, New York.)
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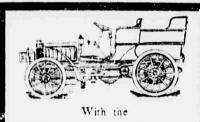
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